

The Things I Hate About You by uttergarbagee

Series: [Wild Boys \(They Tried to Tame You\) \[1\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bisexual Billy Hargrove, Bisexual Steve Harrington, I didn't expect this to get so long holy moly, M/M, Making Out, Mild Sexual Content, Nancy Wheeler is a great wingman, Oops, Secret Crush, hinting at sexual content more than anything, that becomes not so secret

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Summary:

Steve Harrington hates Billy Hargrove.
Hates him with a passion.

The Things I Hate About You

Author's Note:

This is the longest thing I've ever written and I'm actually quite proud of it.

This is again for a friend of mine - I hope it's as good as I made it sound.

Steve hates Billy Hargrove. It's pretty obvious to anyone caring to watch the two interact. When they stand practically nose to nose, both refusing to back down, the air around them crackles like fire. Most anyone would say Steve was well-founded in his anger; Billy had walked in - or more accurately, crashed in - to Hawkins with his *stupid car* and his *stupid hair* and his *stupid earring* , and ripped the title of "King" right out of Steve's hands.

Yet, that's not why Steve hates the sonofabitch so much he can feel it burning in his veins every time he so much as glances at Billy.

He hates the way Billy walks. *Ah, no no*, Billy Hargrove doesn't *walk*. Billy Hargrove *swaggers* . He hates the arrogance in the sway of Billy's hips, the cocky spring in his step as he struts down the hallways like he owns them. It's infuriating.

Not as infuriating as Billy's smirk. God, it makes Steve's blood boil. There's nothing but egotism in the quirk of Billy's lips, the tiny flash of perfect teeth, the slow drag of tongue as he licks his lips and readies a retort.

It's worse than Billy's jokes, crude and crass and usually made with excessive gestures. It's worse than Billy's dumb comments during Phys-Ed as he sticks a foot out to trip Steve up.

"If you hate him so much, why do you keep talking about him?" Jonathan asks one lunch period, eyebrows knitted together in confusion.

Spots of colour flare in Steve's cheeks and he gives Jonathan a little shove.

“I don’t!” He protests.

Nancy arches a brow, “This is the third time you’ve brought him up today.”

Steve flushes and folds his arms over his chest, realising he’s fighting a losing battle against those two.

“The way you talk about him makes it sound like you want to punch him-” Jonathan begins.

“Or kiss him.” Nancy cuts in, a wry little smile twitching at her lips.

The blush on Steve’s face travels down his neck, a bright pink, and he tries to hide it with a grimace.

Why would he want to kiss *Billy* , of all people? Even overlooking the fact that Billy was a *guy* , Steve found nothing appealing about him. He was sleazy and gross, overly sexual and bursting with anger. So what if he had an “ass to swoon over” according to the girls in his grade? It wasn’t like Steve made a habit of looking. Intentionally, at least. So what if Billy had, Steve supposed, traditionally attractive features? It wasn’t like he gave a shit.

Steve manages to keep up the back and forth denial while he’s awake, but it’s a whole other story while he’s asleep.

Billy weaves stubbornly in and out of Steve’s dreams. Sometimes it’s relatively normal: Billy hanging out the window of his car, lit cigarette between his teeth while he looks Steve up and down with his casual smirk, or Billy lingering on every corner as he wandered around Hawkins with Nancy and Jonathan in tow. Sometimes, though, they’re really not: Steve’s fingers curling around the buckle of Billy’s belt, or Billy’s hands roving all over Steve’s chest. They make Steve wake up in a cold sweat, his skin feverishly hot.

Steve bolts upright for the third time that week, clammy hands clutching at his bed sheets, he knows he can’t keep up this denial.

He has feelings for Billy fucking Hargrove. What those feelings are, he isn’t quite sure, but they’re definitely there. He isn’t sure whether he’s more angry or confused by the revelation. Now he’s not trying to

kid himself, he'll admit that the idea of kissing that smug, self-satisfied smirk off Billy's face would be oh-so-satisfying, and that there's something intriguing about the way Billy's eyes would scan the horizon, eyes slightly faraway and catching the sunlight. Even with those thoughts that practically screamed confirmation, Steve was still confused.

He'd always liked girls. He liked the soft curves of their hips and thighs and chests, he liked the breathless laughs as he teased them with kisses, the way their lips would feel against his. Billy is the complete other end of the spectrum. His shoulders are broad, his arms strong and jawline sharp. His voice is deeper, he doesn't giggle, he doesn't stand a few inches shorter than Steve. It doesn't make sense. He's sure if he told Nancy, she'd say that it didn't have to make sense, say that she'd always be friends with him no matter what, to which Jonathan wouldn't agree.

Past telling Jonathan and Nancy about the little crush he apparently had going on, Steve doesn't know what else to do. He could tell Billy, sure, if he wanted Billy's fist between his teeth. There's no way it would work like it normally did when he told girls he had a crush on them. They'd blush and let him take them on a couple dates, that sort of thing. There's no way of knowing whether Billy has any interest in guys, or whether Billy would simply try and forget about it real quick. Steve doesn't know how to find out, and he really doesn't want to try his luck.

"Play it off as a joke if he says no." Nancy suggests, somewhat nonchalant, which disturbs Steve.

"So, what? I just walk up to him, ask Billy if he likes guys, and waltz off all casual-like if he says no?" Steve looks alarmed.

"Unless you want me to hook you two up?" Nancy lifts her water bottle to her lips, waiting for Steve to cut in.

"God, no!" Steve shakes his head vehemently.

Jonathan snorts, ducking his head.

Steve whips his head around quickly, narrowing his eyes at Jon.

“What’re you laughing at?”

Jonathan holds a hand up in surrender, “Nothing, nothing. Maybe just let him know with a note or something in his locker?”

Steve pauses, blinking, letting the idea sink in.

“Tell him to meet you somewhere private, let him know beforehand you’re a guy? If he doesn’t show up, you get your answer.” Jonathan explains, giving a small shrug, ducking his head again once he finishes speaking.

“That’s... That’s a pretty good idea.” Steve nods, “Give me some paper, will you?”

Nancy tears a page out of her notebook and hands it over.

Steve scrawls out the note quickly, trying to keep his handwriting inconspicuous; Billy shares classes with him and is bound to know his hand, so he wants to seem somewhat anonymous. He folds it up neatly once it’s done, and when the bell rings for the next period, he slips it into Billy’s locker, using the cover of the crowd rushing around him.

The note specified the alley down the side of the convenience store, hidden and private, rarely frequented by anyone. Steve doesn’t know how long to wait, leaning against the wall, hands in his pockets, eyes carefully watching the people wander past his hiding place, never glancing towards him. With each minute that passes, Steve feels a little more worried. He doesn’t know whether Billy’s bailing on him, or whether Billy’s taking his time getting there.

Out of his peripheral vision, Steve sees a cigarette butt drop and the toe of a boot crush it into the sidewalk. A couple more steps brings the owner of the boot into Steve’s field of view. It’s Billy, curiosity creasing his brows, a slight wariness in his eyes. When those cautious eyes meet Steve, it’s all of two seconds before the expression gives way to a grin, like the look had shoved itself into place.

“Well, well. I can’t say this is a surprise.” Billy strolls further into the alley, his eyes never once leaving Steve’s flushing face.

“I can.” Steve tries not to mumble, “I didn’t think you’d show up.”

Billy hums, going to prop himself up against the wall by his shoulder, standing opposite Steve.

“I was considering that. But I didn’t think I could leave my poor admirer hanging.”

Steve tries to scowl but it doesn’t look as menacing as he meant it to.

“Are you only here to be a dick?”

“Nah, that’s only part of the reason why.” Billy teases, his grin about forty miles wide, “I wanted to see if you were serious.”

Steve pauses, frowning slightly, “If I was serious?”

“Yeah. I thought it might be something to get me out here on my own, give someone who didn’t like me some leverage against me, I guess.”

There’s a very thinly veiled amount of vulnerability in that confession, and Steve doesn’t take it for granted. It’s two confessions at once, almost, Steve realises after reading between the lines.

“Are you...” Steve doesn’t know how to finish that question, so he lets it hang, knowing Billy will get what he means.

“I still like girls.” Billy says quickly, somewhat defensively, “I just... Guys aren’t bad.”

That’s something they have in common, something Steve hadn’t quite expected.

“Some guys are pretty great.” Steve agrees, his voice softening slightly.

The smile returns to Billy’s face, “*Some* guys, huh?”

It appears that the smile is contagious, Steve’s own lips perking up into place, “Yeah, *some* guys. One guy in particular, I guess.”

“Oh yeah? What’s this guy like?” Billy isn’t trying to be subtle about this.

Steve lets out a chuckle, rolling his eyes, “If you think I’ll be stroking your ego, think again.”

Billy pouts teasingly, stepping forwards, narrowing the gap between the two of them. Steve tries not to notice the closeness, the way he can smell the tobacco clinging to Billy’s clothes.

“Not even a little?” Billy tilts his head, and it’s evident he’s trying incredibly hard to suppress a smile.

Steve’s tongue feels too big for his mouth, and he doesn’t trust himself to speak, so he shakes his head instead.

Billy moves in closer. There’s about a foot between them instead of three.

“How about for a kiss?” Billy doesn’t try to hide his smile any more, a very little thing that makes Steve’s heart beat faster.

The offer hangs in the air for a moment.

Steve swallowed thickly.

“You’re gorgeous.” He murmurs.

Billy places a thumb under Steve’s chin, gently tilting his head upwards.

“Gotta try harder than that to flatter me, dollface.”

The pet name makes Steve’s breath catch in his throat, the flush returning to his face in full force.

Billy thinks it looks adorable on him.

Steve feels a little betrayed, really. But he can’t bring himself to argue, not when what he wants is so close.

“You’ve got the prettiest mouth I’ve ever seen.” The words left Steve’s

lips without his permission, and he tries not to sink with embarrassment.

As soon as he says it, the memories of Dream Billy return in a torrent of lips and teeth and wandering hands. He closes his eyes briefly, unsure whether he's indulging in them or trying to blink them away.

The compliment makes Billy pause for a moment, poking out his tongue to lick his lips, slow, deliberate, *absolutely cruel*. He leans even closer in, placing both hands either side of Steve's head, palms against the wall, caging him in.

"Think about my mouth a lot?"

Steve chokes on his breath, and he doesn't know what it is that possesses him and makes him nod honestly.

Billy looks surprised for a moment, and he quickly tries to mask it.

"Oh, yeah? What am I doing with my mouth, dollface?"

Steve seems conflicted, torn between his embarrassment and his want. Billy's all too content to watch that struggle.

"You're... You're kissing me." He starts, his voice heavy with shyness.

Billy nods, approving, "Where am I kissing you?"

"All up my neck and my jaw."

Billy glances up at Steve's face quickly, taking in the blown pupils, the slight part of his lips, the earnest expression. He never would have expected this, reading over the note in his locker.

With a soft hum, Billy leans in, pressing a kiss to the smooth expanse of skin where Steve's neck meets his shoulder, having to tug down the neck of his t-shirt. It's soft under his lips, warm. He hears Steve gasp beneath him and it makes him grin. He peppers kisses up Steve's neck to the cut-marble angle of Steve's jaw, nothing too intense yet - the guy looks like his knees are about to give out any second.

"You think I could give you a real kiss without you creaming your

pants, sweetheart?” Billy can’t help the little barb.

He lifts his head, looking Steve in the face again.

Steve is breathless, wobbly and unsteady on his feet but all too eager for it to continue. He realises the snark a moment late and as much as he wants to give Billy a push for it, he doesn’t want him any further away. He nods silently instead.

Billy stand up straight, places a hand against Steve’s jaw, rubbing a thumb gently over Steve’s cheekbone. He tilts his head and leans in, pressing their lips together, maybe a little more forcefully than necessary. He slips his tongue past Steve’s lips, tasting mint on Steve’s tongue. It feels too sweet for Billy’s taste - he’s never one for letting his lovers off sweet and easy - so he sinks his teeth into Steve’s bottom lip, dragging it slightly as he pulls away, not missing Steve’s light, breathy moan like Steve had hoped.

Billy’s face nearly splits in two with his grin, “God, if we weren’t in the street right now, the things I’d do to you.”

Steve tries not to let his mind wander.

“S’t that a promise, Hargrove?” He phrases it as a challenge.

“No doubt about it, Harrington.”

Author’s Note:

This ship has totally stolen my attention, so I’ll probably be writing more of it soon. Probably more things in this vein too.

As always, comments and kudos are very much appreciated!